

# Good 523 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

FILM SLANG IS  
ALMOST INVARIABLY  
COMPOSED OF  
HOME INVENTED  
DUBLINISMS,  
REVEALS GORDON  
RICH

## IRELAND'S HOME OF "G-MAN, KIBOSH, IN THE BAG"

THE Irish, with their idiomatic inventions, pithy translations from the Gaelic, and witty colloquialisms (commonly known as slang), have considerably sweetened the English language.

This slang, the product of Irish wit and perception, is frequently claimed by us as our own.

So openly is the plagiarism committed that even the Irish themselves, as users of the phrases, give credit for their origin to the bogus claimants, Irish parents scold their children for using so-called "film slang," but invariably this is principally composed of home-invented Dublinisms.

A Dublin journalist recently described the expression "in the bag" as a film-phrase which could have been coined by an Irishman. He should have received at least one indignant affirmation that it actually was so coined. He probably got none. Irish people are so modest in this respect.

"G-man" is a term that has come to stay in the United States, but outside Ireland few people know that the designation "G-man" was born into the English language in Dublin.

(In his "Recollections of the Black and Tan War," the late Darrell Figgis writes of the "G-men" — the Government men — of 1918.)

In the headlong 'thirties, Dubliners often entreated one another, for no apparent reason, to "get up them steps." This phrase is now often heard from

cross - Channel broadcasting stations as the latest thing in British Army slang. At the same time the world is informed that "brownd-off" is the modern way of indicating boredom or being "properly fed-up," is the height of fashion, although "An Cosantoir," the Army magazine, recalled that "brownd-off" was current some time ago.

Ireland has been making these contributions to vernacular English for a long time. For generations English speakers have been putting the "kibosh" on their opponents, without ever knowing that "kibosh" is just a phonetic spelling of the Irish words for "death cap."

The same people were probably determined to defeat their enemies "by Hook or by Crook," two Irish place-names immortalised by Oliver Cromwell. The Lord Protector of England swore to capture Waterford either by Hook or by Crook—two places on each side of the River Suir.

"Paying on the nail" is a custom which began in Limerick, where the original nail, a recognised place for concluding bargains, was a circular piece of copper inserted on the top of a four-foot pillar in the lower part of the old Exchange.

The celebrated old song, "Garryowen," puts it this way: "Instead of Spa, we'll drink Brown ale,

And pay our reckoning on the ... nail.  
No man, for debt, shall go to jail

In Garryowen to glory." One man who shirks paying "on the nail" or otherwise—is a "mean chiseler" in the U.S.A.—a person who has little in common with the "poor chiseler" of the Dublin streets from whom the term possibly originated.

A greeting which has undergone a regrettable alteration in its transatlantic passage is the kindly Irish inquiry, "How are ye?" now nasally meaningless as "Hi-yar!"

The late Percy French, writer of famous songs and ballads, used a dignified English title phrase in its modern Hollywood sense when "Paddy Reilly" of Ballyjamesduff discussed the "Chocolate Dames of Fee-Gee." Film-land was also behind time with "smashing," the popular slang synonym for "super-excellent."

At a Dublin Christian



## HERE'S BEVY OF BEAUTY for Sig. Leslie Waller

YOUR pretty young wife Irene, was nursing the twins Suzanne and Betty when we called at your home, Signaller Leslie Waller. But Irene was quick to tell me she's only been married five months, and that the twins belonged to sister Gwendoline, who was ironing. Nevertheless, Irene says she loves babies, Janet is often shouting for Uncle Leslie.

The "King" was at home, still doing nothing, as usual. He seems to be a lucky lodger, surrounded by such a bevy of beauty. But although Irene, Betty and Gwendoline all said that

the "King" lives like a lord, he was in pretty big demand in the little time we were there. In fact he was running about all the time, getting the coal, nursing the babes, making the coffee. . . . Those girls seem to have him properly tamed down.

Your mother-in-law is still gaining weight, she says, and will be "on the front patch" when you come home. Sid is soon coming home for ten days' leave.

Your wife tells us that all your family at Sheldon are well, and that Wally is still bursting with health and happiness. She seemed too overwhelmed to say much, but soon went and made herself up for a special picture for you.

They are buying a big flag to wave outside 114 Lyncroft Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, to welcome you home—and they all hope it won't be too long delayed.



## This Picture will recall Old Times Sig. Norman Johnson

A MAN who lives at Brayford Head, Lincoln, with the river almost lapping the doorstep could hardly be in any other service than that connected with the sea.

"Good Morning" was not surprised, therefore, Signaller Norman Johnson, to learn from your Mother your interest in nautical affairs.

We found your Mother along with sister Madge enjoying the spring sunshine, and when a photograph was suggested, Fritz had to be in it.

Madge takes the blame for that name for your canine pal, but says it does not prevent your thinking the world of it.

Hope the picture will recall old times at Brayford Head and prove that all at home, including Fritz, keep well. (That's your hat your Mother is wearing.)

As for the messages for you, Norman, they were full of good wishes and hopes for your early return.



## USELESS EUSTACE



"This is the nice secluded spot I told you of, Mabel. Oh! er, excuse me, Major!"

Brothers' School, everything that excited interest and attention was described as "smashing" long before it was heard on the sound-track of a film.

No great intellectual strain, perhaps, has been suffered by the Irish people in providing the English-speaking world with these slang novelties, but it is a tribute to the Irish origin of many things that foreigners should so readily parade these natural fruits of Ireland's native wit as their own clever constructions.

Novelists, playwrights and radio script writers should consider it their duty to make their characters use these expressions in their dialogue so that it will be "sticking out a mile" that Ireland is the home of much universally used slang. Hulbert Footner gave the lead when he wrote of the Irish in his book, "New York, City of Cities." He emphasised: "It is they who have set the derisive, wise-cracking key to New York speech."

## WORKS TALK for A.B. Ken Weber

WE called to see your wife at 34, Aboyne-road, Tooting, A.B. Ken Weber, but were told by her mother that she was at work. So, determined to get a message and photograph for you, we went round to the factory and found her doing a spot of capstan work.

Here we persuaded the manager to let us use George Fuller's office—I am afraid we rather disarranged the works, but who cares?

We took the picture, and one of the first things your wife said was, "We have no news of Vick, so we suppose

some girls must have kept him otherwise occupied."

Peter has just registered for the Army, and is simply mad to get in as a second-best to the Navy.

Your Mum and Dad we were assured are also doing fine.

The farmyard's looking very bright, but the wretched chickens just refuse to lay despite all coaxing.

Of course, our interview had to be brief, but your wife had time to send a postscript with plenty of love and the hope that you'd soon be back again safe and sound.

Raspberries  
are our  
favourite  
fruit.

So write and tell us  
what you really think  
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

# IN BORROWED PLUMES

"Three-Day" Laugh Riot  
By W. W. JACOBS

THE master of the *Sarah Jane* time that I give 'im a kick to had been missing for two cheer him up a bit. Look at him days, and all on board, with the now." exception of the boy, whom no- The mate gave a supercilious body troubled about, were full of glance in the direction of the boy, joy at the circumstance. Twice and then turned away. The boy, before had the skipper, whose who had no idea of courting habits might, perhaps, be best observation, stowed himself away described as irregular, missed his behind the windlass; and, taking ship, and word had gone forth a letter from his pocket, perused that the third time would be the it for the fourth time.

"Two hours more," said the mate anxiously to the men, as they stood leaning against the side, "and I take the ship out."

"Under two hours 'll do it," said Ted, peering over the side and watching the water as it slowly rose over the mud. "What's got the old man, I wonder?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," said the mate. "You chaps stand, by me and it'll be good for all of us. Mr. Pearson said distinct the last time that if the skipper ever missed his ship again it would be his last trip in her, and he told me afore the old man that I wasn't to wait two minutes at any time, but to bring her out right away."

"He's an old fool," said Bill Loch, the other hand; "and nobody'll miss him but the boy, and he's been looking reg'lar worried all the morning. He looked so worried at dinner

"Dear Tommy," it began, "I take my pen in and to inform you that I'm stayin here and can't get away for the reason that I lost my cloes at crigate larst night, also my money, and everything beside. Don't speek to a living sole about it as the mate wants my

birth, but pack up sum cloes Jane stepped ashore to, take and bring them to me without advantage of a glass offered by saying nothing to nobody. The mates cloths will do becoss I cabin again for another desperate havent got enny other soot, look round. The only articles of dont tell 'im. You needn't clothing visible belonged to Mrs. trouble about soks as I've got Bross, who up to this trip had them left. My hed is so bad been sailing in the schooner to I must now conclude. Your look after its master. At these he affechnate uncle and captain Joe Bross. P.S. Dont let the mate see you come, or else he wont let you go."

"Two hours more," sighed garments from the pegs. "She Tommy, as he put the letter back wouldn't mind"; and hastily in his pocket. "How can I get rolling them into a parcel, to- any clothes when they're all together with a pair of carpet lockers up? And aunt said I slippers of the captain's, he thrust was to look after 'im and see he didn't get into no mischief." Then he shouldered his burden, and, going cautiously on deck, gained the shore, and set off at a trot to the address furnished in the letter.

It was a long way, and the bag was heavy. His first attempt at barter was alarming, for the pawnbroker, who had just been cautioned by the police, was in such a severe and uncomfortable state of morals, that the boy quickly snatched up his bundle again and left. Sorely troubled he walked hastily along, until, in a small bye street, his glance fell upon a baker of mild and benevolent aspect, standing behind the counter of his shop.

"If you please, sir," said Tommy, entering, and depositing his bag on the counter, "have you got any cast-off clothes you don't want?" The baker turned to a shelf, and selecting a stale loaf cut it in halves, one of which he placed before the boy. "I don't want bread," said Tommy desperately; "but mother has just died, and father wants mourning for the funeral. He's only got a new suit with him, and if he can change these things of mother's for an old suit, he'd sell his best ones to bury her with."

He shook the articles out on the counter, and the baker's wife, who had just come into the shop, inspected them rather favourably. "Poor boy, so you've lost your mother," she said, turning the clothes over. "It's a good skirt, Bill."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy dolefully. "What did she die of?" inquired the baker. "Scarlet fever," said Tommy, tearfully, mentioning the only disease he knew.



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## QUIZ for today

1. A jotun is a measure of beer, form of joke, giant, punctuation mark, women's breeches?
2. What is the common name for the Lenten Lily?
3. What is the difference between a minster and a minister?
4. Where would you expect to find a town called Eskifordr?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 522

1. Pirate ship.
2. Dog Rose.
3. Eutychus.
4. Hop about on it! (It is a stick fitted with foot-rests and a sprung ferrule.)
5. Seven. Oxygen, Nitrogen, Argon, Helium, Neon, Krypton, Xenon.
6. Monmouth is in England; others in Wales.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



RIGHT on the spot where recently a magazine writer planted the body in "Murder By Jove," Mrs. Phyllis Newmark has been found strangled.

But this is "Murder By Whom?" Detectives can't guess why anybody should pick a place as public as the grounds of the Hayden Planetarium, which thousands visit to see the wheels go round in the firmament.

Near the body were about a dozen cigarette stubs, of the brand smoked by Mrs. Newmark, so she must have kept a tryst with somebody she knew, the police argue. A woman wouldn't smoke down to the butt if she were in danger of being garrotted by a stranger.

Mr. Newmark was out of town. His wife had therefore been alone in their flat, and detectives looked there for a billet doux as a clue.

They didn't find it, but they came across her address book, and remembering that the lift-man had said she came down in the lift the night before with a "buxom blonde," they had a long shot. She might have mentioned a name.

The District Attorney invited thirty mainly indignant women to step up to the flat, and the liftman quizzed them behind a screen. He drew blank.

After that they fetched in the out-of-towns, and sure enough one of them did remember a navy man who seemed more than a friend.

They pulled him in, and he boasted about his privilege. He had enjoyed it for three years. But as for murder—out of doors when he could have done it indoors—pfui, prove it!

★

FOR removing the utility markings from a pair of blankets sold at a Leeds market stall, Asher Liberman, a market trader, was sent to jail for three months at Leeds. He was also fined £25 and ordered to pay £15 15s. costs for selling the blankets at an excessive price. It was said that he sold them at £2 7s. 6d. a pair, when the maximum retail price was 17s. a pair. They had been supplied to him at 12s. 9d. a pair.

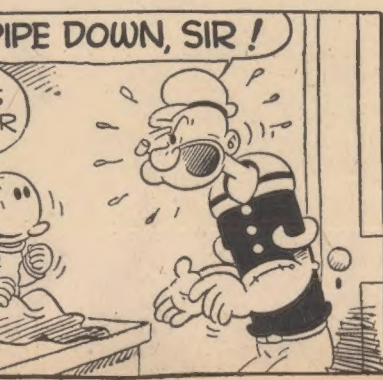
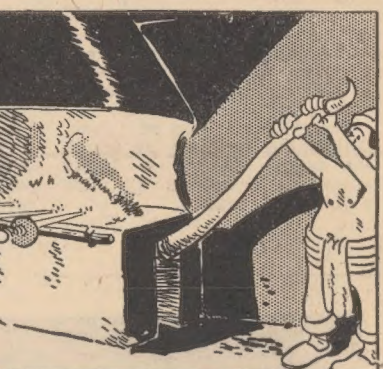
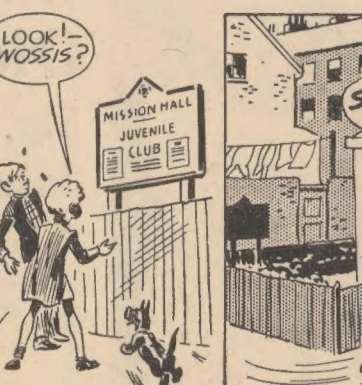
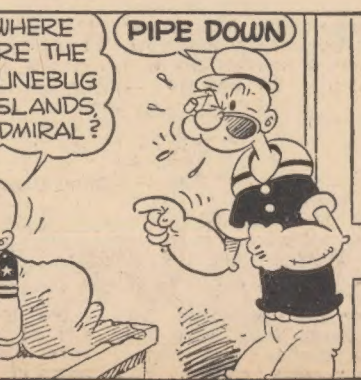
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



# WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in \*A\*\*A\*\*O\* and \*\*A\*\*EA and get two Welsh towns.  
2. Here are two games whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
BIORUL — ODEBAG.  
3. In the following three Saxon Kings the same number stands for the same letter throughout. Who are they?  
625643682, 92564S29N, 6G3682.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 461  
1. PETERBOROUGH, EXETER.  
2. FOOTBALL—CRICKET.  
3. Alfred, Harold, Edgar.  
4. Ris-so-les, M-in-ce.

# JANE



# IN BORROWED PLUMES

(Continued from Page 2)  
man, with a leer, "sitting in sackcloth and ashes, more ashes than sackcloth. Have you got some clothes for him?"  
"Look here," said Tommy. He was down on his knees with the mouth of the bag open again, quite in the style of the practised hawk. "Give me an old suit of clothes for them. Hurry up. There's a lovely frock."

"Blimey," said the man, staring. "I've only got these clothes. Wot d'yer take me for? A dook?"  
"Well, get me some somewhere," said Tommy. "If you don't the cap'n'll have to come in these, and I'm sure he won't like it."  
"I wonder what he'd look like," said the man, with a grin. "Dammie if I don't come up and see."  
"Get me some clothes," pleaded Tommy.  
"I wouldn't get your clothes, no, not for fifty pun," said the man severely. "Wot d'yer mean

wanting to spoil people's pleasure. He led the way up the bare in that way? Come on, come and wooden stairs, followed by the tell the cap'n what you've got harassed boy, and entered a small for 'im, I want to 'ear what he dirty room at the top, in the ses. He's been swearing 'ard since centre of which the master of the ten o'clock this morning, but he Sarah Jane sat to deny visitors, ought to say something special in a pair of socks and last week's over this."

## INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 46

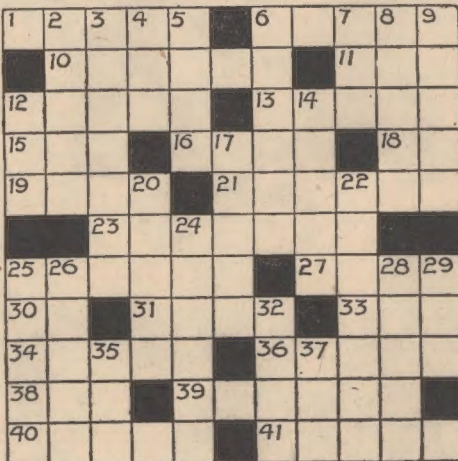
1. When Edward said "Ale," Violet said "Goering." What word linked these two ideas in Violet's mind?  
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?— Glossy, Shiny, Tacky, Matt, Dull, Glittering.  
3. If: A is not more than half B, C is greater than B but less than twice D, and D equals the difference between A and B, what is the value of A, B and D when C equals 7?  
4. A man left his 19 horses to his three sons. The first son was to get a half of them, the second a quarter, and the youngest a fifth. As the animals would have been useless if killed and cut up, it seemed impossible to divide them according to the will. But the local magistrate had a bright idea. He first added a horse of his own to the 19, making 20. He then gave half of this—10 horses—to eldest son, a quarter—5 horses—to the second son, and a fifth—4 horses—to the youngest son. This adds up to 19, so he was then able to take his own horse back! How come?  
(Answers in No. 524)

## Answers to Test No. 45.

1. Chips.  
2. Share is not an arithmetical term; others are.  
3. Paint.

"Here's a young gent come to bring you some clothes, things was locked up. I tried to cap'n," said the man, taking the swop 'em and nearly got locked sack from the boy.  
"Why didn't you come be-hurry up?"  
"fore?" growled the captain, who was reading the advertise-ments.  
The captain strove vainly to tell him, but his tongue merci-fully forsook its office, and dried between his lips. His brain rang with sentences of scorching in-iquity, but they got no further, you'll 'ave everybody falling in "Well, say thank you, if you love with you," suggested "Hurry up," said Tommy, his tormentor hopefully.  
"I couldn't bring nothing else," MORE TO-MORROW

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

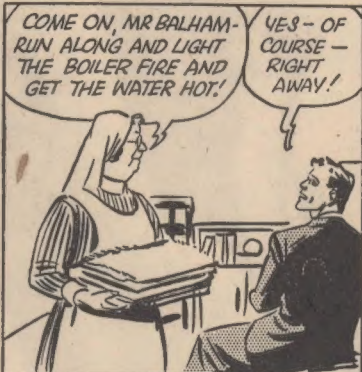
- 1 Old wallet.
- 6 Dense.
- 10 Glory.
- 11 Doubled.
- 12 Favours.
- 13 Fat.
- 15 Request.
- 16 Small shark.
- 18 Thank you.
- 19 Sail strip.
- 21 Rebuked.
- 23 Boundary.
- 25 Tom-boy.
- 27 Excessive.
- 30 Among.
- 31 Pledge.
- 33 Boy's name.
- 34 Enjoys.
- 36 Girl's name.
- 38 Mrs. Rabbit.
- 39 Numbers.
- 40 Scotch boy.
- 41 Below.

### CLUES DOWN.

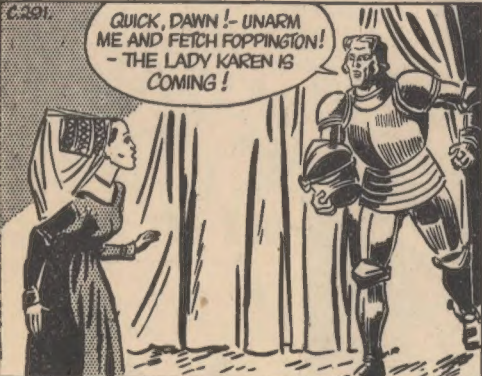
- 2 Selected.
- 3 Bird colony.
- 4 Lodging house.
- 5 Place of duty.
- 6 Parallel of latitude.
- 7 Wrath.
- 8 Social class.
- 9 Massage.
- 12 Obstruct.
- 14 Gave rise to.
- 17 Due.
- 20 Confection.
- 22 Knobby.
- 24 Animals.
- 25 Girl's name.
- 26 Vegetable.
- 28 Not rigid.
- 29 Detergent.
- 32 Cream coloured.
- 35 Cask.
- 37 Bird.

ACT FUMBLE  
PLACES RACE  
RUPEE VAULT  
IBID DONGA  
C RADII HID  
ON REACH RE  
TOP BREAM V  
DELAY TODO  
TUTOR HELOT  
ALEC MADAME  
PERHAPS RED

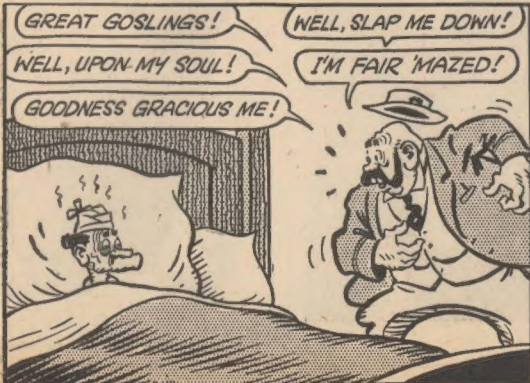
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Sport Oddities

STRANGEST big fight that ever took place must have been that between Jem Mace, the old-time British champion, and Joe Coburn, an American challenger. After 77 minutes the fight ended without either boxer having struck the other a blow!

This astonishing episode was the result of Mace refusing to vary his system of letting the other man lead and then countering to the body, and Coburn's determination that whatever happened he wouldn't give Mace the opportunity to "trick" him in this way!

The two fighters squared up, but neither would strike the first blow. Minutes passed, and still they stood, squaring up, but both refusing to be the first to lead. The fight only ended at all because the crowd, having booed itself hoarse, decided it had had enough and melted away.

At a later fight, both men made up for their previous odd exhibition and gave the crowd three hours' action that resulted in both the fighters being half-dead. They called it a draw.

A fight that was odd for another reason took place at Kansas City a few years back. One of the boxers had boasted he could "lick that fellow with one hand behind his back." He was challenged to try. He went into the ring with his left hand tied behind him, and won in three rounds!

This oddity is a reminder of many others which have resulted from champions deliberately handicapping themselves. The great W. G. Grace, captaining an eleven of his own against F. Townshend's XI in a "friendly" cricket match in 1874, batted with a broomstick instead of a cricket bat like the others. But he managed to make 35 runs—second-best score of the match!

A sensation was caused about ten years ago when an Australian tennis player went into action with a frying-pan instead of the usual racket. But he managed to beat his opponent, playing with the orthodox instrument, fairly easily in two sets, 6—2, 6—3.

## CAN'T KEEP A GOOD CENSOR DOWN

WE trust that nobody would be so short-sighted as to attempt to place difficulties in the path of this conscientious man. In his own time—and at our expense—he works hard to perfect his subtle art.

Listen to his latest:—  
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your — grow?  
With silver bells  
And cockle shells,  
And little — all in a row.

Note particularly the Oriental lavishness of imagination in this one. Though, to be frank, it seems to us that it is carrying the primitive instinct for self-adornment a little too far.

## LITTLE BIRDS IN THEIR NESTS AGREE (Well, sometimes !)

We've never been any great shakes at ornithology (the study of birds, for the benefit of backward members of the class), but at a rough guess we would say that Leslie Brooks, the one with the gaily-striped breast plumage and white tail, and Nan Wynn belonged to a rare species only to be found in California. They emit crooning notes in the mating season, and are to be found in Hollywood restaurants, waiting eagerly for some papa bird to fly along and drop caviare into their open mouths. Advanced students should write to Columbia Studios for further information.



### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"California, here I come."

